

Lincoln 24th

1735

contains an interesting address
on Lincoln by "Bob" Fitzgerald

Republican Club

Dinner
held at Delmonico's
on the
Eighty-fourth Anniversary
of the Birthday of
Abraham Lincoln
February 11th, 1893.



PROCEEDINGS

AT

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN
CLUB

OF THE

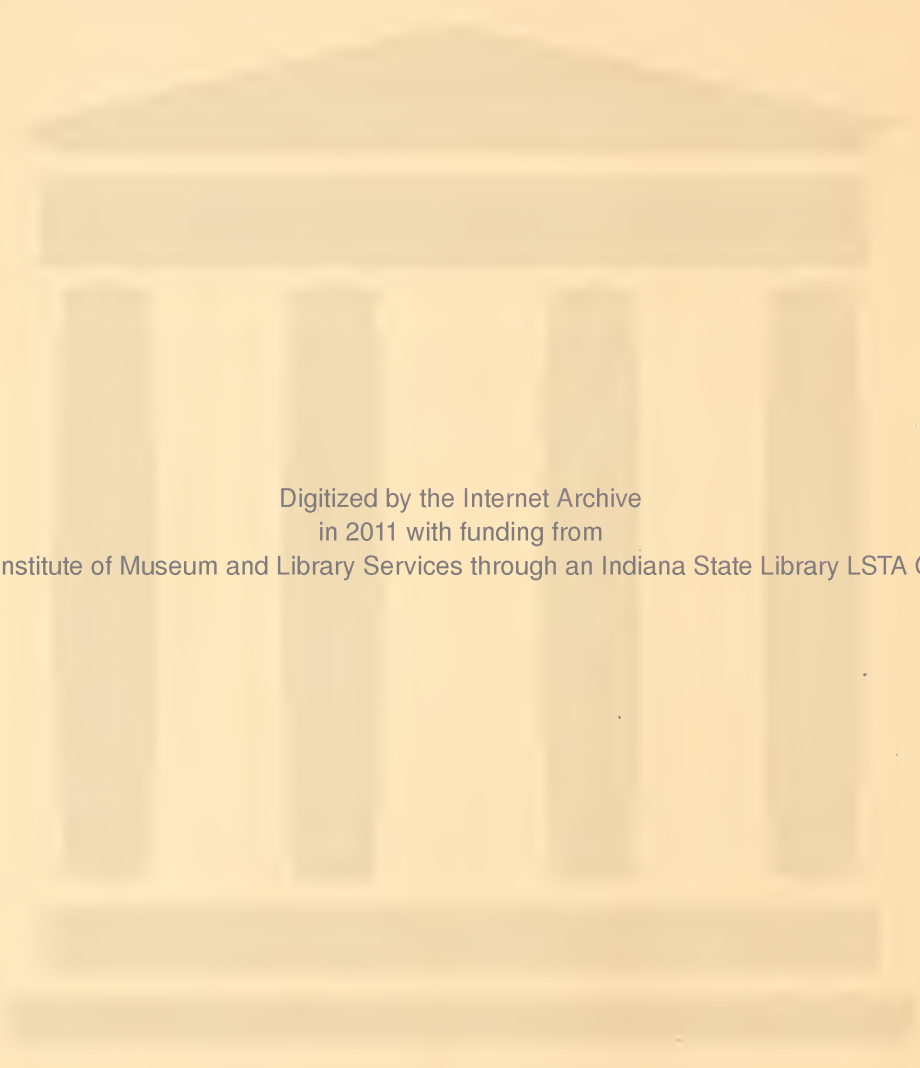
CITY OF NEW YORK

HELD AT DELMONICO'S ON THE EIGHTY-FOURTH AN-
NIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FEBRUARY 11th, 1893



NEW YORK
PRESS OF THOMSON & CO
55 DEY STREET
1895



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMANCIPATOR

MARTYR

BORN FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809

ADMITTED TO THE BAR 1837

ELECTED TO CONGRESS 1846

ELECTED
SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1860

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
JANUARY 1ST, 1863

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1864

ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14TH, 1865

OFFICERS FOR 1893.

JOHN SABINE SMITH, PRESIDENT.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,

ARTHUR L. MERRIAM,

JAMES L. LEHMAIER,

WILLIAM LEARY.

SECRETARIES,

FRANCIS E. LAIMBEER,

Recording Secretary.

HENRY B. JOHNSON,

Corresponding Secretary.

TREASURER,

ALFRED B. PRICE.

LINCOLN DINNER COMMITTEE.

CHARLES H. DENNISON, CHAIRMAN,

E. A. MCALPIN,

A. B. HUMPHREY,

JOSEPH ULLMAN,

JAMES A. BLANCHARD,

HENRY MELVILLE,

SECRETARY.

JOHN SABINE SMITH, *Ex-Officio*,

Menu

OYSTERS

SOUPS

Consomme royale Bisque of lobster

SIDE DISH

Timbales, ecarlate

FISH

Baked aiguillettes of bass Potatoes, Vienna style

REMOVE

Filet of beef, with marsala Baked tomatoes

ENTREES

Braised turkey, Toulouse style Peas, English fashion
Sweetbread cutlets, moderne Vegetables, macedoine

SHERBET: PRUNELLE

ROAST

Ruddy ducks Lettuce salad

SWEET

Pudding diplomate Moulded ice creams
Fruits Coffee Cakes

TOASTS AND SPEAKERS.

JOHN SABINE SMITH, PRESIDENT.

-
1. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, - - COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world."—INGERSOLL.

2. THE ADMINISTRATION, - - HON. CHARLES FOSTER.

It has added new lustre to the Party that created it, and will stand in the light of history uneclipsed by any of its predecessors.

3. THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, - HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"It still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit."—WEBSTER.

4. THE GREAT WEST, - - - HON. JOSEPH M. CAREY.

"No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West, where a house-raising, or even a corn-husking, is a matter of common interest and hopefulness, with any other feeling than that of broadminded, generous independence."—BLAINE.

5. OUR DEPARTED LEADER, - HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT.

"The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail."—LODGE.

DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN CLUB.

THE Seventh Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York was given at Delmonico's, Saturday, February 11th, 1893, on the Eighty-fourth Anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

The President of the Club, Mr. John Sabine Smith, called upon Rev. Dr. Strowbridge to say grace.

After the dinner, the President of the Club arose and was greeted with prolonged cheers and applause and began the speech making of the evening.

Fellow members, fellow Republicans, and august statesmen: We meet this evening to commemorate the birth of the greatest American of the century (applause), to renew our pledge of loyalty to our first love—the Republican party. (Applause.)

The smoke of battle has lifted, the other fellows are in possession of the field, we have stayed in camp for three months, and are now spoiling for another fight. (Laughter.) All old scores have been liquidated, jealousies sent to the rear, and bummers and strikers drummed out of camp and cast into slavery to Tammany Hall. A little Bull Run now and then will only encourage enlistments.

In this happy state of mind we have met to-night. There are no sick hearts here, all are full of joy, if not of champagne. The Republican Club never surrenders, it never wavers after a slight skirmish, such as occurred on the 8th of November. That little episode will prove a Bunker Hill triumph for the British and the anglo-maniacs. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!")

In the presence of so much heavy artillery, with cannon to the right of him, cannon to the left of him, and cannon in front of him—I saw him a moment ago—you will not expect a long speech from the chairman. He knows too well the fate of several gentlemen at Balaklava, who, in this plight, stepped gracefully down to death.

I will try not to make the interval between potations long enough to cause any inquiry like that of the Governor of one of the Carolinas of the Governor of the other Carolina concerning the duration of the drouth. (Laughter.)

The Republican ship will ride the storm. The other craft has passed us. Our shaft may be broken, but we shall mend it ourselves. (Applause.) We are not taking water. We ask no one to tow us into port. With our own chart and compass we shall reach our haven in safety, and the number of our pilot will be '96. (Applause.)

Fortunately, we are carrying no cholera passengers. We have no entangling alliance with Populists, Socialists or Anarchists. We have no paper out to redeem. Our ship is not hypothecated to the South. Tammany has no mortgage on our cargo. We have no loan of British gold to repay. No goods have been traded by us for silver. (Laughter.) No wild-cat banks will ever hold our guarantee. From this time on we have plain sailing. The current is already changing. It will take us into the Gulf Stream, which leaves behind the darkest Democratic South and leads to a city whose walls are protection, and whose citadel rests upon the reality of universal suffrage. (Applause.)

The Mugwump has had his fill of Democratic harmony. (Laughter.) He is already singing, "Tammany, Tammany, they say such things and they do such things in Tammany, Tammany. I'll never go there any more". (Laughter.) Tammany is the greatest curse of the age. Who shall deliver us from this despotism? If our political redeemer liveth, let him come forth in his might and slay Gilroy and Scannel, Croker and Divver, and all

the great medicine men. The town will join in one refrain, as did the Athenians when a tyrant was gently butchered for the public good :

"I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparcus low."

The Republican party is positive, the Democratic party is negative. The one is advancing, leading; the other, reactionary and opposing. The one came from Plymouth Rock, the other, from the Banks of the James River. The pilgrim, like the soul of John Brown, is ever marching on. The Cavalier stands in the road, swings his sword, gives a rebel yell, steps aside, and then lets the sentimental, transcendental "bean-eater" march on to a higher, and still higher plane of civilization.

The origin of our party was at Plymouth, but it had a new birth. Minerva sprang fully equipped for war from the brain of Jupiter. So the Republican party sprang into a new life, complete in its armor, from the brain of Abraham Lincoln. It is his mind and his great heart which we adore and celebrate to-night.

Where is the fool killer? Let him annihilate the man who says the mission of the Republican party is ended. Like Columbus, we are sailing into unknown seas. Like him, our aim, our hope, our faith cannot be changed. Our courage is equal to every emergency. We shall pass many a Scylla and Charybdis. Already we discern them upon the horizon. New questions will quickly come into view. It will soon be our duty to adjust the relations of labor and capital; to dethrone monopolies; to regulate immigration; to fortify our public schools; to determine whether women shall be only queen of hearts, or also the queen of the caucus; to restore harmony between the farmer, the railroad, and the banker; to put every voter's ballot in the box and have it counted (cries of "Good!" "Good!"); to make all equal before the law, in fact as well as in name; and to give our flag to every people which demand it, from the Isthmus to the Arctic, and the Isles of the sea. Until every wrong shall be righted, until our social ethics shall be raised to the level of unselfishness, when the eye of man can be turned from watching his fellow man, and all his energies be devoted to the glory of the ever living God, then, not until then—Oh, not until then—will the mission of the Republican party be ended. (Great applause.)



ADDRESS OF COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE PRESIDENT:

A few only of those here to night ever saw Mr. Lincoln; fewer still, ever spoke to him, but fortunately there is one at this board who knew him as an acquaintance and friend of many years; who met him in Court; spoke with him upon the stump, exchanged anecdotes; engaged with him in many a familiar discussion, and there laid the foundation of his own political faith. Let us listen while he gives evidence of his own knowledge. I have the honor to ask the Hon. Robert G. Ingersoll to respond to the first toast of the evening, "Abraham Lincoln."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

"Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world."—INGERSOLL.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Club: Abraham Lincoln the genius of goodness, strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown of Socrates and Democritus, of Aesop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle, just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, lovable and divine (applause), and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all, and over all were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all great historical characters are impossible monsters distorted by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. To these great oaks there clings but little of the soil of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who loved, and lived, and hated, and schemed, and fought, we know but little; the glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features have grown exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mould—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but as they think he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone. He had no ancestors, he had no fellows, and he has no successors. (Applause.)

How can we account for this great man? First of all, he had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope.

He preserved his individuality; his mental independence; his self respect.

He knew and mingled with men of every kind—and, after all, men are the best books—he became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought.

He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common every-day facts. He loved and appreciated nature, the poem of the year, the beautiful drama of the seasons. In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—at least three—honesty, courage and generosity. (Applause.) In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soil (laughter), and a well executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. (Laughter.) It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society to be honest enough to keep out of prison (laughter), and generous enough to subscribe in public where the subscription can be defended as an investment. (Laughter.)

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is often sufficient. (Laughter.) In a new country they find out what a man really is; in the old he is apt to pass for what he resembles. (Laughter.)

People only separated by distance are much nearer together than those divided by walls of cast. After all, it is of no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and where failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets (applause), and the oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chains. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and the setting sun. You become acquainted with the stars and with the clouds. The constellations become your

friends. You hear the rain on the roof, and you listen to the sigh of the wind. You are thrilled by that resurrection called Spring; you are touched and saddened by Autumn, the curse and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape, every landscape is a poem; every flower is a tender thought, and every forest is a fairyland. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!") In the country you preserve your identity, your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation. (Laughter.) In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of nature. You are calmed and ennobled by the space, the amplitude and scope of earth and sky, and you are ennobled by the constancy of the stars.

Lincoln never finished his education. He was a learner. To the night of his death, a pupil, an inquirer after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called finishing their education.

I have sometimes thought that many colleges were places where pebbles were polished and diamonds were dimmed, and I have often thought, with fear, suppose Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a perfectly natural man. He was also a great lawyer, and why? There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is sword and shield.

Lincoln understood the nature of man, and as a lawyer he always endeavored to get at the truth at the very heart of a case. He was not willing to deceive himself no matter what his interests said, what his passion demanded. He was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to decide and pronounce judgment against his own desire.

He was a many sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light, and his words candid as the mirror gave the perfect image of his thought. (Applause.)

He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to learn, never too dignified to admit that he did not know, and no man born beneath our flag had keener wit or kinder humor.

I have sometimes thought that humor is the pilot of reason.

People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. (Laughter.) Humor sees the other side. Humor stands in the mind like a sceptre, a good natured critic and gives its opin-

ion before judgment is pronounced. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason and of genius. (Applause.) In anger, reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch of the mind. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell what we wish to hear. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy. Solemnity is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning of a stupid.

Lincoln was natural in his life and thought. He was the master of the story teller's art; in illustrations apt; in applications perfect. Liberal in speech, shocking pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect. (Laughter and applause.)

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It cannot be taught. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart. (Applause.)

Lincoln was candid, and that candor often deceived the deceitful. (Laughter.)

He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant, that is to say; without biogtry and without deceit. He was an orator, clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought, and if you wish to be sublime you must be natural. You must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart. Above the clouds it is too cold. (Laughter.) You must be simple in your speech, too much polish suggests insincerity. The great orator idolizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate thrill and throb, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures, perfect in form and color; brings to light the gold hoarded by memory, the miser shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift. Hope enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, quickens the conscience, between his lips words bud and blossom.

Is you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist, between what is felt and what is said, between what the heart and brain can do together, and what the brain can do alone, read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln

will never be forgotten, it will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. (Applause.) The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionist believes in the virtues of voice, the sublimity of syntax; the majesty of long sentences and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural, and he places thought and feeling above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words. He knows that a great idea is like a great statue, and he knows that the greater the statue the less drapery it needs. (Applause.)

Let me read from this beautiful souvenir a few lines of what I call sculptured speech, and these words are as applicable to-day in many of the states of this Union as when they were first uttered. Let me read :

And when by all these means you have succeeded in humanizing the negro, when you have put him down and made it impossible for him to be but as the beast of the field; when you have extinguished his soul in this world, and placed him where the ray of hope is blown out as in the darkness of the damned, are you quite sure that the demon you have roused will not turn and rend you? What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlement, - our bristling seacoast, our army and our navy.

These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of these may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle.

Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defence is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere.

Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors. Familiarize yourselves with the chains of bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them."

Lincoln was an immense personality. Firm, but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism; firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously, and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty. (Applause.)

As a nobleman, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred dollar bill and asks for change,

fearing that he may be suspected of making a display of wealth, of a pretence of payment. So Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness even to the best he knew, a great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean. By his candor, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible but popular to be natural to be true. (Applause.)

He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectful, of the cold and formal. He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different from what he really was. (Applause.) He had the unconscious naturalness of nature's self. He built upon a rock. It did not satisfy him to have other people think he was right. He wanted to think that he was right. He built upon a rock, and the foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose, and through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, with malice towards none, and with charity for all, with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. There was no cloud in his brain. There was no hate in his heart. Stone after stone was made, until at last the proclamation found its place, and on that the goddess now stands. He knew others because he was perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, everything for principle, and to the great man, place is only an opportunity for doing good. He cared nothing for money, but everything for independence.

When no principle was involved, he was easily swayed, willing to go slowly if in the right direction. Sometimes willing to stop, but he would'nt go back, and he would'nt go wrong. (Applause.)

He was willing to wait. 'He knew slavery had defenders but no defence. (Applause.) He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great, rich, or poor, nor small. They were right or wrong. (Applause.)

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real, that which is beyond accident, policy, compromise and war, he saw the end.

He was patient as destiny, whose undecipheral hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face. Nothing dis-

closes real character like the use of power. It is very easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity, but if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test.

It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase it, power could not awe this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices, he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife, whose husband he had rescued from the dead.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world. (Great applause and cheers.)



ADDRESS OF SECRETARY CHARLES FOSTER.

THE PRESIDENT :

Gentlemen: Our idea of the Solar System is that there should be a central sun, and planets revolving around it; all nearly of equal brilliancy. We had such a system formed in 1888, when our present Administration, consisting of our distinguished President and Cabinet officers assembled in Washington. We were not accustomed then to hear of Cabinet Portfolios being peddled around the country like tinware. (Applause.) We cannot say just what sort of Cabinet, we shall have on the 5th day of March; possibly it may be a moon with a few long tailed comets revolving around it; but one thing is certain, for the last four years we have enjoyed a great and as nearly perfect administration as has ever been in this country. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!" Mr. Harrison placed in his Cabinet at the head of his Department of State that great Secretary who within the last few days has passed to his rest. He called to the chair of another department that distinguished financier who fell here in this room in speaking to some of us upon a like occasion. He was succeeded by another great minister of finance who has carried on the Treasury under difficulties, and probably under circumstances which have tested his strength to the utmost. He is here to-night. (Applause.) And I will ask you to drink the next regular toast, "The Administration." It has added New Lustre to the Party that created it, and will stand in the light of History uneclipsed by any of its predecessors; and the present Secretary of the Treasury will stand in history uneclipsed by any of his predecessors. I now have the great honor of introducing the Honorable Charles Foster, ex-Governor of the State of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury. (Cheers.)

THE ADMINISTRATION:

It has added new lustre to the Party that created it, and will stand in the light of history uneclipsed by any of its predecessors.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB.

I think it is asking a good deal of a modest Ohio man (cheers) to undertake to eulogize an administration of which he is a part. I came here to-night wholly unprepared, depending upon the inspiration of the occasion, and if I fail in making a fairly good speech, I am sure it will not be for want of inspiration. You Republicans, here in New York, I really think, from your actions to-night, feel better than if you had won. (Cries of "Oh, No!") Certainly, you are ready at once to renew the battle. (Cries of Sure! Sure!")

The Administration, Fellow Republicans, represents the Republican Party. The Republican Party never yet met a responsibility, a problem so difficult, so troublesome, so embarrassing, that it was not able to successfully solve. (Applause.) This Administration, like all the Republican Administrations that have preceded it, has successfully solved every embarrassing problem that has been brought before it. (Applause.)

I apprehend, my fellow citizens, that some of us may think that President Harrison (Applause and cheers), is possessed of some of the solemnity that has just been derided by our distinguished orator, Col. Ingersoll. I am about to give an illustration to show that this is not true of him—that he is full of humor and of good nature; and the story I am about to tell illustrative of this point, I beg of the reporters not to print. I have a good reason for asking that, for the gentleman who is the victim of the joke, grand old Jerry Rusk, who has performed his duty with the greatest possible credit and value to the country (applause), said he would murder me if I ever told it. When the Cabinet assembled just prior to Thanksgiving, the President read to us his Thanksgiving Proclamation. It was quite a gem, as you know, if you read it; and I first thought the reading was for the purpose of showing how eloquent he could be, and how nicely he could prepare a thing of that kind, because it was an unusual proceeding. He said, after reading it, "Gentlemen, I have read this proclamation to you, for the reason that I desired to take your judgment upon a certain matter in relation to it.

Since I prepared it, I have received the report of the Secretary of Agriculture, and I am not quite sure, but what I ought to include him with the Almighty. (Laughter.)

I think the country concedes now that the great office of President is filled by perhaps as able a man as ever sat in the Presidential Chair. (Applause.) He possesses many of the traits described by Col. Ingersoll of Abraham Lincoln. He never did a thing in the world that he did not think was right. (Applause.) A more thoroughly conscientious man never sat in that place. (Applause.) All the cajoling of his Cabinet and friends cannot induce him to make a bad appointment, if he knows it. Headed by such a man, gentlemen, it is not surprising that his administration and that his cabinet ministers have been perhaps an unusual success. Beginning with our State Department, headed as it was in the beginning by that peerless statesman, who is now gone to his long rest (cries of "Blaine!" "Blaine!"), the country has been given a position and a character in the matter of its diplomacy that it never had before; as thoroughly courageous in dealing with Great Britain, as it was in dealing with Chili or Italy. It may yet in the last three weeks of its administration, and probably will, I am not telling Cabinet secrets—add another lustre to its fame, by annexing the Hawaiian Islands. (Applause.) By the way, at the Gridiron Dinner, the other evening, one of these commissioners, I have forgotten his name, in accounting for the name of the Sandwich Islands, said that in the early days when the people could not pronounce Hawaii, they called it Sandwich Islands. That is a little bit of history I want to give you as I go along.

The Treasury Department is always troublesome. Thirty-nine great divisions; thirty-nine different subjects, with hundreds of branches for a Secretary to handle. Financial matters for the past two years have been a little troublesome, and are not in the pleasantest condition just now; but they form, after all, but a very small part of the attention of that great office. In the four years of President Harrison's administration it has collected from the people nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars and disbursed it all, and our Democratic friends say some more, without the loss of a penny, either in collecting or in the disbursing. Our Democratic friends, for the past two years have had a great deal to say about the bankruptcy of the Treasury, and have said it in

such a way as to make me feel, at least, that if there were any two things in God's world that would give comfort to the soul of a Democrat, it would be that the people of this country should fail to make tin, and that the Treasury should become bankrupt. (Laughter and applause.)

Two years ago we heard a great deal about a Billion Dollar Congress, and our Democratic friends have found out by this time that this is a Billion Dollar Country. (Applause.) The Treasury is not bankrupt; it will not be bankrupt (cries of "Good! Good!"), unless Democratic mismanagement in the future makes it so. (Laughter.) We have a little trouble on the gold question just now; people seem to be alarmed lest we might go on to silver payments or that some undefinable thing is likely to happen. It has been the proud boast of the Republican Party in its financial legislation and administration to secure for this people a currency, consisting of paper, silver and gold each dollar of which was equal to any other dollar. (Applause.) That has been the policy of the Republican Party. It has succeeded in achieving these conditions, and I have not an earthly doubt, were it to continue in power that these happy conditions would continue to prevail. (Cries of "Bravo.")

I am not here to-night, to say what the action of the Secretary of the Treasury is to be in the next three weeks, but I am here to say that all the power he possesses, if necessary, will be used to preserve gold payments to the end of his term (applause), and the present Secretary trusts in God that the new administration, the new President and the new Secretary may be as successful in this regard as President Harrison's administration has been. (Applause.) Good Lord! my Republican friends, what are we to expect from this crazy-quilt Democracy, that is now in power. My best wishes go with them. I have my fears as to whether now they will develop a capacity for affairs, they never have developed heretofore.

I do not care to take up the different departments of government; they have all been well handled, and the country under this administration exhibits a prosperity in all respects never before enjoyed by this people; labor better employed and better paid; business more prosperous; money good; less failures, and yet, I do not want to say that our people are stupid, but they did deliberately put this Republican Party out of power when these

conditions prevailed, and took the chances with Grover Cleveland and the Democratic Party.

I said a number of times in my speeches that if the people of this country could believe that the Democratic Party would do what they said they would do, there would be no question about President Harrison's election. The people took Bourke Cockran's idea of a platform as their guide. He said a platform is made to get in on, and not to stand on. (Laughter.)

Now, my fellow Republicans, I am very glad of this opportunity of meeting this honorable and renowned Republican Club of New York. Your boast is that you have no Mugwumps among you (applause), no Tammany attachees; you are straight, true-blue Republicans, and I am glad to know that you are ready for the fight again.

When four years roll around I imagine that the people of this country will come to the conclusion that they better put back into power this Republican Party that has been so successful in its legislation, and its administration of the great affairs of this country and Republican triumph in 1896, with the help of this great Republican Club will certainly follow. (Great Applause.) (Three cheers were then given for Secretary Foster.)





ADDRESS OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE PRESIDENT :

For the response to the next regular toast of the evening let us summon one of the most distinguished members of the Republican Club, himself a private citizen, but the first private citizen of our land whose name is known throughout the world. I will ask you to drink with me for the third toast,

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY :

"It still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit,"

and to respond to that toast I will call upon the most beloved son of the Empire State, the pride of New York, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB :

It is a perennial pleasure to meet with the Republican Club at its annual celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. They revere him for the patriotism, statesmanship and courage which have immortalized him among the saviors of mankind; and they believe in the principles by which he lived and on account of which he died. The club lives under a perpetual charter and goes on forever. Its ranks are constantly recruited from the youth and enthusiasm of the Republican party. It sets the example for the rest of the organizations by never being unduly elated by victory, nor greatly depressed by defeat. (Applause.) It believes that Republican principles stand in relation to the years as they come and go, like truth, which, though "Crushed to earth, will rise again." The past of the Republican party is history; the present of the Republican party is watchfulness and preparation; the future of the Republican party is glory. Our friends, the enemy, are doing their best to make it "Glory! Hallelujah !"

The Republican party has controlled the Government of this country for thirty-three years. Sometimes the House of Representatives has been against it; once it lost the Presidency, but at no time, except the present, has it been completely out of power in the Government. A generation of people have lived in the United States; have thrived, have prospered, and have known unusual happiness under a Government of Republican principles, Republican measures, and Republican statesmen. This continuity of confidence from the people is unique in the history of countries where people rule. We look over the record of parties in Great Britain, as the suffrage has become enlarged sufficiently to make a comparison with our own country; we study the history of the triumphs and reverses in parties of the United States, and we find nowhere such an unparalleled and triumphant administration of government. (Applause.)

Power always carries with it the elements of its own overthrow. Almost invariably continuing successes bring incompetency or corruption, or both in administration, and promote measures which prove disastrous to the best interests of the States. But it is our pride and glory, as a party, that there has been neither incompetency nor corruption in Republican administration, from Abraham Lincoln to Benjamin Harrison; that every great measure of the Republican party has proved beneficial to the country, from the Proclamation of Emancipation of Lincoln, to the tariff of McKinley, and the reciprocity of Blaine. (Applause.)

America is nothing, if not original. We have become great without precedence, and we try experiments without fear. Business disasters, financial revulsions, industrial distress, are the patent and prominent causes of the overthrow of administration. But the coalition victory over Republicanism in 1892 was a revolt against prosperity.

The Republicans had given to the country a financial system and National banking law which had restored credit, promoted enterprise, helped business, and created a sound currency. It had consistently pursued a protective tariff policy, which has created the New South on industrial lines, and saved the North from diminishing populations and decreasing opportunities for its citizens. It has transformed Alabama from a pauper State to a prosperous commonwealth. It has taken West Virginia from

the mould of mediæval conditions, and put it abreast with the life and movement of the beneficent enterprise of to-day. It opened the factory to the New England farmer when the chief and fertile lands of the West had ruined his occupation, and provided a market for the Western farmer when his rich harvests might otherwise have rotted or been burned upon his lands. It has added ten States to the American Union, it has kept New York in her imperial position as the chief, and Pennsylvania as the keystone. It has added 100,000 miles to the railway system of the country to bear the rich freightage of the internal commerce which has come from our superb developments. (Applause.)

At the high tide of national prosperity the country has voted for a reversal of the policy which has produced these results. The successful man in the play, whose luck was always good, and who never heard anything about himself but praise and compliment, exhibited a principle of human nature when he said he was surfeited with taffy, and longed for the man who would kick him and call him a fool. The policy which, since the war, has brought the country the phenomenal prosperity which it enjoys to-day, necessarily created the opportunities for masterful men, who have the genius for making money, to make it. It doubled the wages received for the same work by the artisan's predecessor; it increased the purchasing power, and thereby still further added to the amount of his remuneration.

The country has voted, however, for a reversal of the system and is entitled to its trial. Inauguration Day has come and the victorious allies march up Pennsylvania ave. There is the battalion who have read that "The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." They are expecting that at convenient places the Government mill will manufacture Government money, and the way-farer's hat under the spout will supply him with all his earthly needs. Then comes the corps commanded by Weaver—and Mrs. Leaske—who say the National banks, the property of the money bugs, demand security for loans; we want people's banks where money can always be had by the needy and deserving without other security than their good intentions. Then comes the solid array and mighty tread of the Democratic party, shouting, "We want the offices!" The parade over, the

brass plate on the White House door changed from Harrison to Cleveland—and the trouble begins. (Laughter and applause.)

In looking calmly, philosophically and in a most friendly spirit at the situation, I have the profoundest sympathy for Mr. Cleveland. Behind him is this conglomerate which has carried the country and whose conflicting demands present to him and his Cabinet as their fate and opportunity, Lorenzo Dow's definition of predestination :

"You will and you won't,
You shall and you shan't,
You'll be damned if you do,
And be damned if you don't."

(Laughter.)

A mine owner and manufacturer, who voted to bring about this result, said to me: "It is criminal on the part of you Republicans to egg on Mr. Cleveland and his advisers to carry out the principles of their platform. You know that if they were carried out as they were enunciated at Chicago, the results would be disastrous to the business and the prosperity of the country." My answer was: "My dear friend and speculative voter, you are entitled to a trial of your experiment; and the people whom you have persuaded that their conditions would be bettered by the experiment will never be satisfied, and the country never at rest, until it is tried." The Republican party stands in the position of the educated and experienced physician, who, when he finds that his patient has lost confidence and wants to try the quack doctor urges that the trial be made at once, so that after the experiment the resources of science and of demonstrated skill may save the patient, both from the difficulties of his disease—and the nostrums of the quack. (Laughter.)

The strength of the Republican party is that it has always kept its pledges. Its platforms were not made to get it on, but to stand on. The utterances of its conventions are the statute law of the land. It pledged itself to save the Republic, and it saved it. It pledged itself to reconstruct the Union, while preserving every principle of the Declaration of Independence and eliminating the curse of slavery, and it reconstructed it. It pledged itself to restore the National credit and to place money upon a basis which would make it as good as the best currency

of the world, and such it is to-day. (Applause.) It pledged itself to repair the losses and devastations of civil war, to bring prosperity to the land, to provide the industries which should take care of the rising generation, and absorb the half a million of immigrants who come here every year; and the fulfillment of the pledge is evidenced in every hamlet and town and city of the country. Have the Democracy fulfilled their pledges? They have been out of power for a generation, because they gave no pledges. The people always want something positive. Negations have no place in the success of life, whether they are human ciphers or fruitless policies.

The Democracy have simply denounced Republican principles and criticised all Republican measures. Now, however, they are facing the responsibilities of clear and unmistakable pledges. Will they be redeemed? The most explicit pledge and promise of the Democratic platform was to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Act; but yesterday there appeared in Washington, armed with imperial mandate from the chosen leader of the party, two gentlemen—one representing the interior and the other the exterior—calling upon the Democratic House of Representatives, which has a two-thirds majority, to fulfill this plank in the Democratic platform. A majority of the Democratic representatives voted “No;” and Mr. Bland, their leader, sent back the defiant message: “If Mr. Cleveland attempts to carry out those promises of Chicago, we, the majority of his party, will split the organization and wreck his administration.” The Democratic majority are appealing to us to help them fulfill their pledges against the wishes of a majority of themselves. It is sound finance; it is good business as well as the fulfillment of party pledges, to repeal the compulsory silver purchase clause at the earliest possible moment. At whatever cost, at whatever sacrifice, the National Treasury of the richest country of the world must be able to redeem its pledges in gold or in a currency which is the equivalent of gold. (Applause.)

With the temporary abdication of power which has resulted from the elections of 1892, the first chapter of the history of the Republican party is closed. Every page is illumined with the story of heroic deeds, beneficent measures and mighty men. It opens with the life and career of that immortal genius and plain man, whose memory we celebrate to-night, Abraham Lincoln.

It closes with the death of that magnetic personality, that brilliant statesman, that unequaled party leader, that loved tribune of the people, whose death we mourned but yesterday, James G. Blaine. It is an object lesson for all future times of the possibilities from poverty to distinction under American liberty.

Lincoln, the rail splitter; Grant, from the crossroads country store in the wilderness; Garfield, ragged and barefooted, from the towpath of the canal; Blaine, from the rural printing office—they claimed the homage of the world and the devoted affection and admiration of their countrymen. (Applause.)

The Roman mother, when asked what she had done for her country, pointed to her sons. The Republican party when asked what it has done for the Republic, points to the Republic itself.



ADDRESS OF SENATOR EDWARD O. WOLCOTT.

THE PRESIDENT :

We had expected that there would be with us to-night a distinguished Senator from Wyoming, who lives way up in the clouds, where he looks right over Chicago, as he ought to do, down into New York (laughter), but, unfortunately, sickness detains him, and he has sent us a letter, instead of responding to the toast of the "Great West", as we had anticipated. I will ask you to drink with me the next toast, "The Great West. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West, where a house raising, or even a corn husking, is a matter of common interest and hopefulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence." Mr. Henry Melville, the Secretary of the Dinner Committee, will read the letter.

Mr. Melville then read Senator Carey's letter.

THE PRESIDENT:

In all the years the Republican Club has celebrated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, no name has ever been received in this hall on such occasions as this with greater genuine enthusiasm than that of James G. Blaine. His eulogy was begun at the National Convention, last June, and we have very profitably asked the same gentleman who commenced that speech on that occasion to continue it this evening. I think that you will agree with me that no one can do it so well as he. I will ask you to drink with me the next toast, and I will ask you to rise when you drink that toast.

OUR DEPARTED LEADER:

"The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail."—**LODGE.**

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

At first thought it might not appear seemly that a banquet should furnish occasion for a eulogy on a great man, gone but a few days ago, leaving a grief which still chokes our utterance when we speak of him.

We meet, however, a party and partisan organization devoted to principles to the embellishment of which his life was given, continuing the work which was for a generation the labor of his hands, and heart, and brain; and there could be nothing more fitting, as we close up the ranks, than to recount his glories, recall the splendid cheer his life and example have given us, and renew our allegiance to the party he did so much to establish and maintain. He is dead, but the example and lesson of his life bring to us only joy and hope for our glorious country, and new courage for the future.

"Death is life's high meed,"

certain and blessed, and when it comes to crown a finished life our grief is merged in the pleasure we feel that such a man lived with us and was of us.

These have been busy days with the Reaper, and Mr. Blaine did not start alone on his long journey. The judiciary has suffered great loss, and in all the walks of life strong men and great men have departed from us.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

The last of the Republican ex-Presidents went quietly to the other side but a few days ago. There will always be differences of opinion in the other great political party respecting his title to his high office, and in ours as to the wisdom of the policy which inaugurated his administration. No man, however, of purer life, and cleaner thought, or higher character, ever filled public station. His administration was progressive and healing; his Cabinet, which included Evarts and Devens, was

characterized by marked ability. No taint ever touched his stewardship, and when, in later times, the history of this country comes to be written, the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes will be mentioned with respect, and the recognition of his pure and blameless life will be grateful and universal.

Mr. Blaine was a descendant of men who fought in the war of independence, and the Americanism which permeated him came through birth, descent, and tradition. His youth and younger manhood were typical of the young American, independent and self-sustaining. He early had the public for his audience through the columns of a newspaper which he owned and edited. Destined for a public career, he served first in the Legislature of his adopted State, then in Congress, where for three terms he was Speaker of the House, afterward in the Senate of the United States, and was twice Secretary of State. He was once a candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, and he has written a political history of his time which will live as a standard and a final authority. This is the bare, cold summary of his official career, and serves only as the frame for the life which, for nearly thirty years, was the chief controlling influence in American politics.

He seemed young when he died, for you know "We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count." Yet his life was rounded, and was complete, and filled with achievement. Fullness of accomplishment, if not fullness of years was his. His lot was cast in turbulent times, and his indomitable will and splendid body carried him through more of struggle than any man of his generation had endured.

From the commencement of his career, even during the clouded days preceding the war, he cast his fortunes on the side of human freedom, and he never wavered. There are few men of upward of sixty years, active in political affairs, who in the kaleidocopic changes of the period have not found themselves in positions which subsequently proved untenable. From boyhood until his death Mr. Blaine saw with vision unclouded and certain. He was a delegate to the convention of 1856, and from Fremont to Harrison he never wavered, and his Republicanism knew no variableness or shadow of turning. We who sometimes air our petty personal grievances, and fancy that if we are slighted there is something wrong in the

fabric of government, may well take lesson and rebuke from him who had more to forgive his party than any member of it, who bore its burdens and shaped its policy, yet who never sulked and never hesitated in advocacy of its principles.

To three-fourths of us the days of reconstruction bring no personal meaning, and stand as a remote epoch interesting only as history. To the participants in the legislation of that period the days were crammed with interest and excitement. The central figure was Blaine. He realized as few of his party did that the eventual re-establishment of the Union must include the states lately in rebellion. A party man and a partisan, he rose above the fevered passions of the hour; above the influences of resentments which followed a bloody conflict, and, facing the opposition within his party of men who believed that those who had appealed to the sword should pay the penalty usually exacted of a conquered foe, he stood like a rock against an extended military occupation of the South. It was through his efforts that a defeated people were permitted to resume participation in political affairs upon the adoption of the fourteenth amendment. More than that, while he foresaw the suppression of the negro vote of the South, yet because of its essential unfairness he successfully resisted the attempt to make representation dependent upon the vote and not upon population. He was a Republican—no truer or better one ever lived—but he was first a statesman, and the reuniting and knitting together of a once dismembered Union, until to-day one equal patriotism pervades the land, was accomplished largely because of his wisdom and judgment. And, when he laid down the gavel as Speaker, he received the deserved and equal applause of the members of both the great political parties.

It was during this period, and when his greatness began to overshadow the ambitions of other men, that his calumniators commenced their work. He was a shining mark, courageous and open as the day. Conscious of rectitude, he was careless of the appearance of things, and every assault that slander could devise or infamy suggest was leveled against him. The attacks were continued, because year after year he grew stronger in the hearts of the people, and calumny seemed the only weapon which could poison reputation. How pitiful these charges seem to-day. Printed word and speech and caricature

were alike brought into requisition. He was labeled the "tattooed man," with the result that his name was tattooed in all our hearts in living letters that will never fade while those hearts beat. The charges, false and unwarranted, faded away and vanished into the sewer from which they came. They injured only the people who made them, illustrating,

"What all experience serves to show,
No mud can soil us but the mud we throw."

To the American people who love fair play and an open foe, each year of public service brought added trust and confidence. He was our leader, the embodiment to us of all that was verile and vital and forceful in our party polity, our ideal of true and lofty American patriotism. No mention was needed of these old and almost forgotten attacks, but now that he is gone, it is worth while to recall them, if only to illustrate the brief and ignoble life which is accorded to calumny and slander, and the character of attack to which men of this Republic are subjected who stand in the glare of public life and in the way of others' aspirations.

The far-seeing and distinguished ability which Mr. Blaine brought to the administration of the State Department has reflected a luster upon our relations with foreign countries gratifying to every American citizen. Tenacious to our rights, animated with a profound conviction of the splendid destiny of the Republic, he strengthened everywhere the respect of foreign nations for our flag. During his administrations no American had reason to blush for his country, or to doubt that her honor would be everywhere maintained.

Mr. Blaine was intensely American, and the limits of America which he believed should exist under free institutions were bounded by the two oceans, by Hudson's Bay and the Straits of Magellan. No grander view ever dawned upon the eye of faith than opened to his prophetic vision. Separated by a protecting ocean from old forms, and castes and crumbling traditions, he looked forward with confidence to the time when Republics only should occupy these continents, hating kingcraft and tyranny, consecrated to freedom, and living in terms of closest intimacy with their sister governments. In furtherance of the accomplishment of this design he gathered together

the Pan-American Congress, and devised that grand and beneficent policy of reciprocity which has already largely increased our commerce with these countries, and which will, if followed, prove of inestimable value to us and to them.

The vision which Blaine saw was not fanciful or unreal. We may not all of us live to see its realization, but largely because of the impetus he gave to the movement, the day will come when the two Americas will join hands in closest friendship, allied for mutual protection against encroachments from abroad, and furnishing to the oppressed and liberty loving of the old world a home where throughout the length and breadth of the continent they may share in the blessings of free and enlightened self-government.

The personal side of Mr. Blaine's character and life was bright with sunshine. He never cared for the Presidency save when in 1876, in the prime of his manhood, he was defeated before the convention, and those who have pictured him as personally ambitious and cankered by disappointment know little of the man. To him life was bright and happy, and his home was a sanctuary where politics and bitterness never entered. The swift-following bereavements which fell upon that devoted household broke his heart and spirit; political reverses never touched even the surface of his buoyant nature. The sorrow within his home is sacred; the widow of the great statesman, who sits sadly in that quiet house, must bear the burden of her bereavement alone, but the respectful and affectionate sympathy of a nation surrounds her, and the good will and devotion of millions of loving hearts attend her.

It is not critical of other men in political life to say that for many years Mr. Blaine had been the overshadowing presence in the Republican party. His hand guided, his brain directed. The fierce strife that beat about him prevented his receiving the high recognition which the homage of the rank and file of his party sought to pay him; but no Republican administration commanded public confidence in which his brain or the policy which he had outlined did not control or direct. He cherished no animosities. For himself, as I have said, he cared nothing; for his party, everything. And not his party alone engrossed his thoughts. Like a woman in the warmth of affections, no friend ever called for aid and counsel

and left him without them. No man ever came close to him who was not forever after his friend. They called it magnetism, but it defied definition. He was the most human of men. Quick in impulse, and warm of heart, he seemed to us as well our ideal as our chief, our captain. The memory of him will ever abide with us, recalled with every instinct of patriotism and revived with every aspiration for the future glory of the Republic.

When such a figure passes from us, it is as if some lighthouse that for a generation had marked the course from the open sea to the haven of safety; which showed the rocks, the shallows, the treacherous lee shore, and pointed the channel, should suddenly and forever go out in darkness. Men, however, are born to die, and the great principles to which he devoted his life still live, and will endure as long as men value free institutions.

The recent defeat marks no sign of decadence of the party, nor does it indicate that its usefulness has departed. The reasons which impelled the voters of the country to again depose the Republican party from power were many and complex. We might not agree as to them, and discussion on the subject would be useless. But we may agree with Solomon, who tells us: "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." And there is no doubt that at this particular crisis in the affairs of the party it is rather more incumbent on us to "consider" than to be "joyful."

That wise old man, however, again reminds us, that if we faint in the day of adversity our strength is small. No party can in these stirring and progressive days rest on the laurels of a glorious past. The party to which we give allegiance has stood for thirty years the embodiment of all that has lifted up this Nation, and made it free, and the history of the party is the history of the growth and development of our country. All this is delightful to recall, but if the party is to live and grow and dominate, then, as the play says, "We will not anticipate the past; our retrospection should be all in the future."

Old questions assume new importance; new questions arise and must be answered; and true to its instincts, its traditions, and its principles, the Republican party will answer them on the side of progress and humanity.

We meet to-night undaunted and undismayed in the face of temporary defeat, to take each other by the hand, to give token, as brother to brother, that our loins are girded about and our lights burning, and to pledge each other anew to the principles of our beloved party.

As the years come and go, our trusted bearers of the standard, to whom we looked for cheer and for guidance, are called from us. No tribute of words avail us—

“The silent organ loudest chants
The Master’s requiem;”

and the highest homage we can pay them is in pressing forward along the path they cleared, and in renewed devotion to the principles their lives illumined.

And so, my friends, we pledge each other to the memory of our departed leader. Brave, sincere, patriotic, gallant, magnanimous, and intrepid. Rarely, since men have been born, has so lovable and true a soul, a “fairer spirit, or more welcome shade,” been ferried over the river. The world is better because he was of it; we are better for the inspiration of his presence, and the stimulus of his example. He will shine for us, and for those who come after us, as “The star of the unconquered will.” When the rancours and the political animosities of this generation shall have passed away, patriotic men of all parties will pay their full tribute of respect and admiration to the memory of James Gillespie Blaine.

We who knew him, and have come under the charm of his presence, and felt the fires of patriotic devotion which he kindled, will mourn him because we loved him. If

“To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die,”

he is still of us, and with us; still shares our aspirations for the future of our common country, though his soul,

‘Like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.”

ADDRESS OF GEN. HORACE PORTER.

The President then called on Gen. Horace Porter to speak.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

Only at this moment it is intimated, that in the absence of Mr. Carey I should endeavor to fill his place, or, to put it better, to fill a place in time here. In my career, I have served in various military capacities, but this is about the first time I have ever been called upon to serve as a substitute. (Laughter.)

When a few years ago I had the honor of responding here to the toast of the evening, "Abraham Lincoln," it was only on condition of a pledge given by your officers, that for a series of years I should be allowed to come and eat your dinners and not to pay the forfeit of a speech. I put them under bonds for the fulfillment of that condition; but the the bonds have been forfeited; the promises have been broken. When the Bey of Algiers was once reminded that he had violated the law of veracity in a negotiation, he said, "Do you suppose the Bey of Algiers has fallen so low that he has become a slave to his word?" And I think that if this practice continues the veracity of your officers will go down to history as not ranking much higher than that of a city gas meter. (Laughter.) I cannot say that I have been taken altogether by surprise. I think it is as much as a minute ago that your presiding officer winked at me, indicative of the fact that he was going to call me out. Scripture says that, "He who winketh with the eye causeth sorrow." And I think I have never before more keenly felt the sadness of that passage of Scripture. The celebrated dentist, Le Clure, was appointed dentist to King Stanislaus on the very day that the King lost his last tooth. I fear that I am appointed to speak to you at an hour this evening when we are in danger of losing the last man from the room. (Cries of "No! No!")

I think I will be soon saying to you what the small boy said to the lamented Bishop Brooks, in Boston. That benevolent Bishop was going along the street of an evening when he saw a small boy standing on a stoop trying to ring a door bell, which he could hardly reach. As the Bishop came along, he said to the youngster, "Let me assist you, my boy," and he took hold of the bell and jerked it nearly off; then the boy made a break down the steps and cried to the Bishop, "Now I guess we had better scoot." (Laughter.)

I have listened here to-night with great pleasure to the words of wit, wisdom and eloquence that have fallen from the lips of the distinguished gentlemen who have spoken to you. I have heard the Secretary of the Treasury, for instance, tell us about this contemplated Annexation of Hawaii as if we were annexing people here that havn't any of our blood in their veins. He is mistaken about that. When the deposed Queen was asked some time ago whether she had any white blood in her veins she said "Yes, her grandfather had eaten Captain Cook." (Great laughter.)

But when I look around and see all this hilarity and jolity this evening, and compare it with the sad countenances and mildewed features of these same gentlemen when I met them on the evening of the 8th of last November, it makes me think of that man in a village of Pennsylvania, who, after his wife had been dead only a couple of months, married another wife, and a younger one, and his friends remonstrated with him and said, "your wife has only been dead a couple of months." He remarked that he had philosophized upon that, and he thought she was probably about as dead as she would ever be; and then rumors came from the wedding that he wasn't using her well, and people were led to remark that he treated his second wife so badly that he didn't deserve to have the first one die. (Laughter.) When he got back the boys thought they would try a calathumpian serenade, and they surrounded the house with toot-horns, gongs, tin pans and horse fiddles. When they got through, the old man came out in front of the house and said, "Tut! tut! Wall! I am really ashamed of your indulgin' in all this hilarity. Only sich a short time since there's been a funeral in this house." (Great laughter.)

I must, in reference to Abraham Lincoln, tell you the true and historical account, as I heard it in the original of Syke's

yellow dog. When Gen. Grant came on from the West, Mr. Lincoln and he had had some correspondence, as you know, but they had never seen each other. When they met at the White House, on the occasion of Mr. Lincoln presenting to Gen. Grant his commission of the then highest rank known in our Army, and which had been created especially for him, that of Lieutenant-General, Mr. Lincoln said, "Gen. Grant, they worked pretty hard to have me remove you from the Army out West, but I kind of thought you would work matters out in some way. After you had captured Vicksburg, I thought they would let us alone, but they did not. A lot of politicians came to me, and said, 'You can't keep this man Grant any longer out there.' I said he had done tolerably well, I thought, and asked what was the complaint. They told me you had raised Cain in paroling Pemberton's Army, and declared that troops would soon be all back fighting us again in the field. I said to them, 'Have you ever heard of Syke's yellow dog?' They said they hadn't; then, I said, your early education had been neglected. (Laughter.) I went on to tell them that a man by the name of Sykes, in a small town out West, kept a store and had a yellow dog. There were a good many small boys in that town, and where there are a good many boys it is a bad place for dogs. (Laughter.) They didn't like that dog. Even Sykes, with all his affection for the dog, had to admit that the dog was growing unpopular. One day the boys met, got a cartridge, fitted a fuse to it, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, and laid it out in front of Syke's house. Then they perched themselves on the fence and whistled for the dog. The dog came out, saw the meat, and bolted it. Then the boys touched off the fuse, and there was an explosion, like a clap of thunder, and the air was just black with smoke and pieces of dog. Sykes came out, and yelled, 'What's the matter; anything busted?' Then he looked down, and he picked up the largest piece of that dog he could find, looked at it, turned it over, and he said, 'Well, I reckon he'll never be of much account again as a dog.' (Laughter.) And I said to the deputation, 'I reckon Pemberton's army will not be much again as an army.'"

But, gentlemen, I will speak, and only for a few moments, upon one particular trait in Mr. Lincoln's character, in regard to which he has been greatly misrepresented. I mention it, because I can speak from personal knowledge. It has been said that

Mr. Lincoln was at times a timid man; that he was lacking in physical courage. No one has ever spoken a greater untruth than that. The report began to be circulated when people misconstrued his motives in taking a circuitous route from Philadelphia to Washington. The friends who accompanied him there know that they had the greatest difficulty in urging him to accede to their wishes. He yielded, not because he feared death, but in order not to fan the flames of excitement which were then raging, and give cause for a mob or a riot in the streets, knowing that the whole country was standing over a magazine, and that a spark might touch it off. He was not timid enough to fear assassination; he was not vain enough to think that anybody wanted his life. You all remember that long walk from the White House to the old War Department, through that gloomy vista of trees and bushes. It seemed a lurking place for assassins. He was threatened every day with letters, telling him he would be assassinated within the next twenty-four hours, enough to weaken the nerves of the strongest of men, but when he felt anxious in regard to the army, he would get up at any hour of the night, and refusing to have any one accompany him, would take that long, dark, dismal walk over to the War Department, so that he could place himself next to the telegraph operator. He was far in advance of any officer in Washington in trying to keep a small force there. He didn't want protection. When Gen. Grant had sent a telegram to him on the 10th of July, in front of Richmond, telling him he had got the enemy in the position he wanted him, Mr. Lincoln sent that famous reply, "I'm glad you have got the enemy by the throat; choke and chew as much as possible."

After Grant had sent a despatch to the chief of staff at Washington, wanting Sheridan put in command of the troops at the time of Early's raid, Mr. Lincoln replied in words that I can repeat with accuracy. He said, "I have seen your telegram, asking that Sheridan be placed in command, and that all the forces here be taken and thrown south of the enemy, and the enemy followed to his death. I like that despatch, but examine all your communications from Washington since you sent it, and see if there is any idea here about throwing these troops south of the enemy. I want you to give that your special attention to having it accomplished."

He wanted no guards about him in Washington. He was in advance of all the others in wanting the troops thrown south of the enemy. He was a man that always had the courage of his convictions; he never took counsel of his fears. He was as heroic a man as I ever met. The lapse of time, is not yet sufficient for us to properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln. He is not yet placed in the proper focal distance for our observation.

A distinguished Italian sculptor had finished a colossal statue, which was the masterpiece of his life, to be placed upon the pinnacle of a grand cathedral. When ready to be hoisted, it was placed in front of the cathedral in the street. The people soon surrounded it, as they collected in the great squares. To them the statue was out of proportion, it was grotesque, it was a mockery upon art, a burlesque upon sculpture. They hooted it; they could hardly be restrained from destroying it. It was not in the proper focal distance. But soon the cords were tightened and the great statue began to rise. Little by little it was brought nearer and nearer to the focal distance. Soon the murmuring of the crowd ceased, and as soon as it surmounted the pinnacle of that grand cathedral where the artist intended it should stand throughout all time for the admiration of the ages, then the crowd broke out in deafening cheers. Their criticisms had given place to adoration. And so in future years people will see Abraham Lincoln standing in the true focal distance; they will see him adorning the highest pinnacle of the nation's temple of fame, and they will say that he has filled to the very full the largest measure of human greatness, and covered the earth with his renown. (Great applause.)



LETTERS OF REGRET.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, FEB. 3, 1893.

JAMES A. BLANCHARD, ESQ.,
New York City.

My Dear Sir :

I have received the invitation forwarded by you, to attend the Lincoln dinner, to be given by the Republican Club on the evening of the 11th inst. It will not be possible for me to attend, for reasons that will occur to you. I cannot enter into any discussion of political questions, but beg to extend to you and your associates of the Republican Club my sincere thanks for faithful and energetic party work and to express my hope that the faith and courage of the Club will find in defeat *stimulus*, not discouragement. It cannot be denied that under Republican legislation and, as we believe, *by* it the country has been brought to the highest prosperity. No period in our history can be indicated when the National fame and influence and the prosperity of the people were greater than now. If the Democratic party will put into law its platform declarations our people will be able to bring the discussion to a test of a near *contrast*; and from that test Republicans do not shrink.

Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. HARRISON,

720 PLAZA HOTEL,

NEW YORK, FEB. 6, 1893.

HON. JAMES A. BLANCHARD,
New York,

My Dear Mr. Blanchard :

It is a matter of much regret to me that a stubborn throat trouble, which will not permit me to be out doors in the night, will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to attend the Lincoln dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York, on the evening of the 11th inst.

By the demonstration of large ability and skillful and faithful party work, your Club has won a place in *National* estimation as one of the main factors and more potential forces in American politics. It affords the only place in New York City, of which I know, where a wayfaring Republican may find ready entrance and cordial welcome. It has given something like one open

door, in this National centre, where a Republican stranger may find evidence of party fellowship, and a feeling something like that of home.

While older and more pretentious clubs have lagged in party work, or been merely spasmodic in party duty, this Club has labored with equal diligence and fidelity for the good of Republicanism, and set a splendid example in the past year or two, especially in the campaign it has made for the party in the open field, and on the tribune of public controversy and contest.

It would be a pleasure and an honor to me to meet with its members when they dedicate an evening to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the first of all Republicans, and, in my judgment, the first of all *Americans*, whose serene and lofty fame has now become the cherished possession of the world.

The habit of giving honor to the birthdays of the greater leaders of the Republican party may well be applauded and encouraged.

No other political party in the history of the world has given so many men to the homage of contemporaneous mankind, and to immortality in history, as the Republican party has given in a few short years—in *Lincoln* and *Grant* and *Blaine*.

No other party, in American history at least, has ever developed Lincolns, and Grants and Blaines, for the reason that no other party has espoused the principles and made the heroic struggles for human welfare, in which alone it is possible for such men to be developed.

At every stage in their careers they had to meet and overcome the opposition and bear the constant and unpitying malice of the Democratic party. But now Democrats vie with Republicans in expressing pride of country in them as Americans in whom all Americans claim common interest and honor.

How much there is, then, to reassure Republicans in the truth and greatness of their party and its principles, when, even in this early day of their own generation, Democrats are claiming, in the name of the greatness of America, a common share in the glory of the names of Lincoln, Grant and Blaine.

The power of *contrast* will but *add* to the majesty of the fact, when the Democratic party is asked to give the names of *its* leaders, in any generation, who have also won the homage of the world, or the common applause of their own countrymen.

The Republican party can do nothing more wise in a party sense, or more patriotic in a public sense, than to adopt, very generally, social celebrations of the birthdays of these three greater leaders of their greater contests.

In the lives of all of them, and particularly in two of them, ran the quality of pathos, and a vein of deep human feeling, as with all men who have suffered and served for their fellowmen. The struggling millions in the ages to come will find in this peculiar fact in their careers, that touch of sympathy which, equally with greatness and fame, wins immortality and the love of the world.

With you, and with all the gallant members of the Republican Club of the City of New York, I salute, with the reverence of an *American*, and the pride of a *Republican*, the memory of this great trinity of our party leaders.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES S. CLARKSON.

PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE,

UNITED STATES SENATE, FEB. 3, 1893.

MR. HENRY MELVILLE, Secretary of the Republican Club,
New York City,

Dear Sir:

I thank the Republican Club very heartily for the invitation to attend the Seventh Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday, to be given Saturday, February 11th, 1893. I remember with infinite satisfaction a similar occasion some years ago, and would derive great pleasure from a repetition of the experience. Unfortunately a prior engagement for the same night prevents me from accepting your kind invitation.

Let there be no "funeral baked meats" at your banquet. The Republican party is not dead even in the State of David B. Hill, sometimes called New York. It will exist so long as the memory of Lincoln shall prompt Americans to patriotic endeavor.

Truly yours,

(Signed) CHARLES F. MANDERSON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 8, 1893.

C. H. DENISON, ESQ., of Committee,

My Dear Sir:

I regret that I shall be unable to accept the very cordial invitation to attend the Seventh Annual "Lincoln Dinner" of the Republican Club, of the City of New York on the 11th inst.

Be sure that my thoughts and sympathies will be with you on that occasion, and please express to your officers and members my thanks for their remembrance, and my best wishes for the continued prosperity and usefulness of their splendid organization.

Such stalwart and indomitable associations of the best men of the party must prove the citadels around which Republicanism will rally from its recent disasters, to move in irresistible line of battle as of old in the greater contests of the near future.

Although I cannot share your generous festivities this season, whenever I can strike a blow for "The Cause" under your banner, you need only sound the call for

Yours truly,

(Signed) C. A. BOUTELLE.

U. S. SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 10, 1893.

HON. JAMES A. BLANCHARD,
New York City, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:

It was with deep regret that I telegraphed Secretary Melville, that owing to sickness it would be impossible for me to attend the "Lincoln Dinner", Saturday evening.

Nothing could be more appropriate on a Lincoln Anniversary than a sentiment to and a response from the West. Mr. Lincoln was a *child* of the West. He discovered in the valley of the Mississippi the silent Grant, the greatest general of the greatest war.

The coming of Mr. Lincoln, the plain country lawyer of Illinois, to the City of New York in 1859, to deliver an address at the Cooper Institute marks a new period in the history of the West. It seems to have been destined from that moment that he was to become the leader of the Republican party, a party which should for a generation control and successfully direct the affairs of the government. He had scarcely been inaugurated President before he recognized the importance of organizing new territories and creating new states, which should become allied to the liberty-loving and patriotic portions of this country, then struggling to maintain and perpetuate the union of States. From the date of his inauguration to the present time, the development, growth and population, and increase of wealth in the Trans-Mississippi country has been unprecedented.

That the West is truly great is largely due to Lincoln, and the principles he represented.

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH M. CAREY.



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